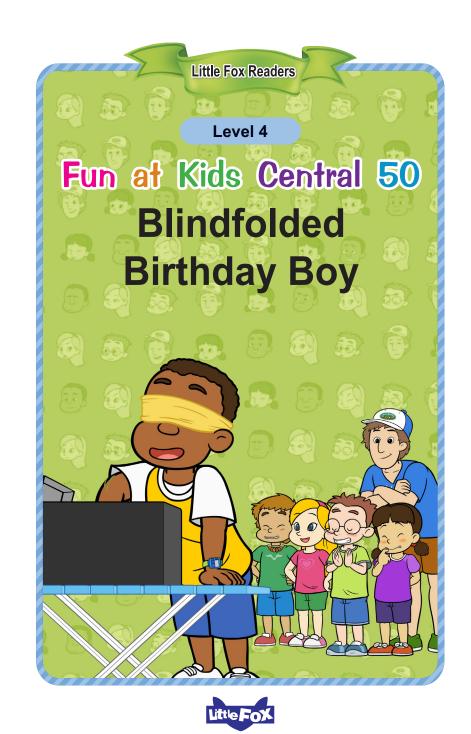


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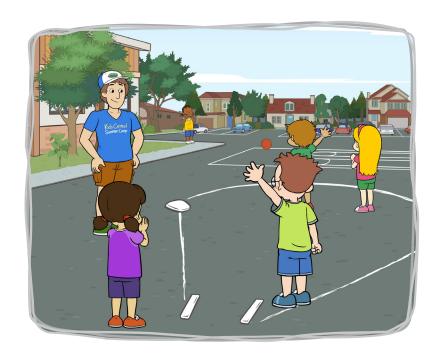
Fun at Kids Central 50 Blindfolded Birthday Boy



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Bobby couldn't stop grinning. It was his birthday. Today at one o'clock he would be ten years old.

"Happy Birthday!" the other campers called from the blacktop.

"Thanks," Bobby said. "Where's the party? Who's hiding the presents and cake?"



Mr. Dunn laughed. "Party? Presents? This is camp, not a party center."

"Oh." Bobby's grin disappeared. "I was just kidding." He looked away. "Sort of," he thought.

All morning the kids played kickball on the blacktop. When they went back inside, Bobby was still thinking about his



birthday. For Ethan's birthday they had made special cupcakes with Miss Shelly. But they weren't doing anything for Bobby's birthday!

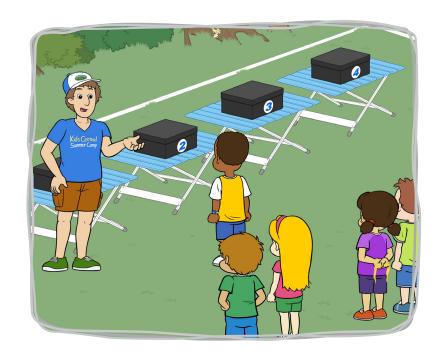
At twelve-thirty Mr. Dunn made an announcement. "We're going out to the soccer field. Please line up."

"That's weird," Bobby thought,



following Mr. Dunn outside. "Mr. Dunn isn't carrying a soccer ball." None of the other kids seemed to notice. But when Bobby looked at the soccer field, he was even more confused.

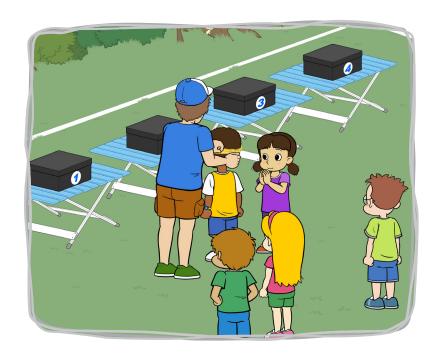
There were four tables on the field. A black box sat on each one. "Birthday boy," Mr. Dunn called. "Inside each box



is a present from one of your friends. You must use your senses to figure out what each one is. But you'll be blindfolded."

"If you can figure out what is inside each box," Mr. Dunn continued, "the presents are yours. Think you can do it?"

Bobby grinned. He was wrong. His friends had planned something special for

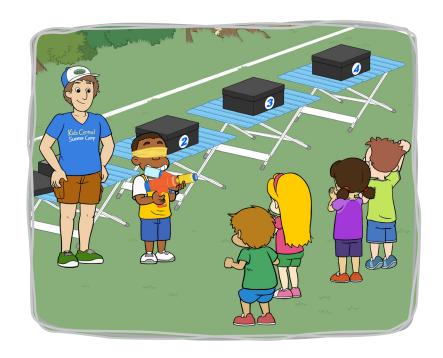


his birthday! "Of course I can!" he said.

"Here's the blindfold, Mr. Dunn," said Nina. She passed him a handkerchief, which he used to blindfold Bobby.

Then Mr. Dunn led Bobby up to the first box. "You have to use your sense of touch to guess what this present is," Mr. Dunn said.

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Bobby reached into the box and felt something hard and plastic. He pushed a lever and water shot out. "A spray soaker!" he shouted.

"You guessed it!" Izzie said. The kids cheered.

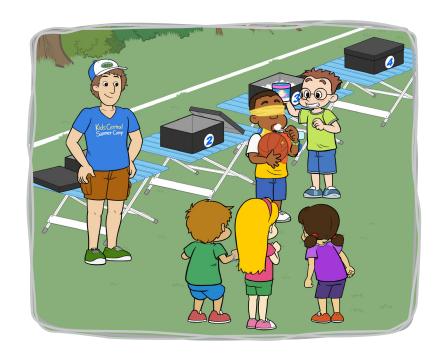
"Great job!" Mr. Dunn said. "Now, for box number two, you have to use your



sense of smell."

Ethan lifted the present out of the box and held it under Bobby's nose. Bobby sniffed. "I know this smell. A basketball!" he cried.

"Right again! For box number three you can use only your sense of taste," Ethan said.



Jason dipped a spoon into box number three and handed it to Bobby. "Ice cream!" cried Bobby. "Yum. It tastes like birthday cake!"

Everyone cheered again. "For the last box, you have to use your sense of hearing," said Mr. Dunn.

"How can I hear a present?" asked



Bobby.

Nina opened box number four.

"I'm going to shake the present a little and then drop it on the table. Okay?" Nina said. Bobby nodded. Everyone got very quiet.

What Bobby heard sounded like *k-sh*, *k-sh*, *k-plonk*.



"I'd know that sound anywhere. It's a box of sour lemon balls—my favorite!" Bobby cried. He removed his blindfold and smiled at his friends. It was one o'clock.

"Happy Birthday, Bobby!" shouted everyone.



